

Black Rock

By RALPH CONNOR

(Continued from First Page.)

easy smile, "you don't understand. No man can call me that name and walk around afterward feeling well."
Then, turning to Slavin, he said: "Now, if you want a minute's rest I can wait."

Slavin, with a crumpled, bid him come. "Haney," said Graeme sharply, "you get back." Haney promptly stepped back to Keefe's side. Nelson, you and Bapatte can see that they stay there."

The old man nodded and looked at Craig, who simply said: "To the best you can."
It was a good fight. Slavin had plenty of pluck and for a time forced the fighting, Graeme guarding easily and tapping him aggressively about the nose and eyes, drawing blood, but not disabling him. Gradually there came a look of fear into Slavin's eyes, and the hands stood upon his face. He had met his master.

"Now, Slavin, you're beginning to be sorry, and I am going to show you what you are made of."
Graeme made one or two lightning passes, struck Slavin one, two, three terrific blows and laid him quite flat and senseless.

Keefe and Haney both sprang forward, but there was a savage hind of growl.

"Hold, there!" It was old man Nelson, looking about a pistol barrel. "You know me, Keefe," he said. "You won't do any murder this time."
Keefe turned green and yellow and staggered back, while Slavin slowly rose to his feet.

"Will you take some more?" said Graeme. "You haven't got much; but, mind, I have stopped playing with you. Put up your gun, Nelson. No one will interfere now."

Slavin hesitated, then rushed, but Graeme stepped to meet him, and he saw Slavin's heels in the air as he fell back upon his neck and shoulders and lay still, with his toes quivering.

"Don't yell, Baptist. 'Rally boy! Dat's de bon stuff.' Dat's larn him one good lesson!" But immediately he shrieked, "Gar-r-r-e-a vous!"

He was too late, for there was a crash of breaking glass, and Graeme fell to the floor with a loud, deep cut on the side of his head. Keefe had hurled a bottle with all too sure an aim and had fled. I thought he was dead, but we carried him out, and in a few minutes he groaned, opened his eyes and sank again into insensibility.

"Where can we take him?" I cried. "To my shack," said Mr. Craig. "Yes, Mrs. Mavor's. I shall run on to tell her."

She met us at the door. I had in mind to say some words of apology, but when I looked upon her face I forgot my words, forgot my business at her door, and stood simply looking.

"Come in, bring him in. Please do not wait," she said, and her voice was sweet and soft, and firm.

We had him in a large room at the back of the shop over which Mrs. Mavor lived. Together we dressed the wound, her firm white fingers skillful as if with long training. Before the dressing was finished I saw Craig off for the time had come for the magic lantern in the church, and I knew how critical the moment was in our fight.

"Go," I said. "He is coming to, and we do not need you."
In a few moments more Graeme revived and, sitting up, asked:

"What's this about?" he then recollecting, "Ah, that brute Keefe! Then, seeing my anxious face, he said carelessly: 'Awful bore, isn't it? Sorry to trouble you, old fellow.'"

"You are hanged!" I said shortly, for his old sweet smile was playing about his lips and was almost too much for me. "Mrs. Mavor and I are in command, and you must keep perfectly still."

"Mrs. Mavor?" he said in surprise. "She came forward, with a slight flush on her face."
"I think you know me, Mr. Graeme." "I have often seen you and wished to know you. I am sorry to bring you this trouble."

"You must not say so," she replied, "but let me do all for you that I can. And now the doctor says you are to lie still."

"The doctor? Oh, you mean Connor? He is hardly there yet. You don't know each other. Permit me to present Mr. Connor, Mrs. Mavor."

As she bowed slightly her eyes looked into mine with a serious gaze, not inquiring, yet searching my soul. As I looked into her eyes I forgot everything about me, and when I recalled myself it seemed as if I had been away in some far place. It was not their beauty or their brightness. I do not yet know their color, had I have often looked into them, and they were not bright, but they were clear, and one could look far down into them and into their depths see a glowing, steady light. As I went to get some drugs from the Black Rock doctor I found myself wondering about that far down light and about her voice—how it could get that sound from far away.

I found the doctor quite drunk, as his dress was good, and I got what I wanted and quickly returned.

While Graeme slept, Mrs. Mavor made me tea. As the evening wore on I told her the events of the day, dwelling amusingly upon Craig's generalship.

She smiled at this. "He got me, too," she said. "Nixon was sent to me just before the sports, and I don't think he will break down today, and I am so thankful." And her eyes glowed.

"I am quite sure he won't," I thought to myself, but I said no word.
After a long pause, she went on, "I have promised Mr. Craig to sing to-night if I am needed," and then, after

a moment's hesitation, "It is two years since I have been able to sing—two years," she repeated, "since," and then her brave voice trembled, "my husband was killed."
"I quite understand," I said, having no other word on my tongue.
"And," she went on quietly, "I fear I have been selfish. It is hard to sing the nation songs. We were very happy. But the miners like to hear me sing, and I think perhaps it helps them to feel less lonely and keeps them from evil. I shall try tonight if I am needed. Mr. Craig will not ask me unless he must."

I would have seen every miner and lumberman in the place lightheartedly drunk before I would have asked her to sing one song while her heart ached. I wondered at Craig and said rather angrily:

"He thinks only of those wretched miners and stony men of his."
"She looked at me with wonder in her eyes and said gently:
"And are they not Christ's too?"
And I found no word to reply.

It was nearing 10 o'clock and I was wondering how the fight was going on and hoping that Mrs. Mavor would not be needed when the door opened and old man Nelson and Stanley, the latter much hatted and ashamed, came in with the word for Mrs. Mavor.

"I will come," she said simply. She saw me preparing to accompany her and asked, "Do you think you can leave him?"
"He will do quite well in Nelson's care."

"Then I am glad, for I must take my little one with me. I did not put her to bed in case I should need to go, and I may not be able to leave her."

We entered the church by the back door and saw at once that even yet the battle might easily be lost.

Some miners had just come from Slavin's, evidently bent on breaking up the meeting in revenge for the collapse of the dance, which Slavin was unable to enjoy, much less direct. Craig was gallantly holding his ground, finding it hard work to keep his men in good humor and so prevent a fight, for there were cries of "Put him out! Put the beast out!" at a minor half drunk and wholly outrageous.

The look of relief that came over his face when Craig caught sight of us told how anxious he had been and reconciled me to Mrs. Mavor's singing. "Thank the good God!" he said, "with what came near being a sob. 'I was about to despair.'"

He immediately walked to the front and called out:
"Gentlemen, if you wish it, Mrs. Mavor will sing."
There was a dead silence. Some one began to applaud, but a miner said savagely:
"Stop that, you fool!"

There was a delay of a few moments when from the crowd a voice called out:
"Does Mrs. Mavor wish to sing?" followed by cries of "Aye, that's it!"
Then Shaw, the foreman at the mines, stood up in the audience and said:

"Mr. Craig and gentlemen, you know that three years ago I was known as 'Old Ricketts' and that I owe all I am tonight, under God, to Mrs. Mavor, and," with a little quiver in his voice, "her baby. And we all know why. And what I say is that if she does not feel like singing tonight she is not going to sing to keep any drunk on brute of Slavin's crowd quiet."

There were deep groans of approval all over the church. I could have hugged Shaw then and there. Mr. Craig went to Mrs. Mavor and after a word with her came back and said:
"Mrs. Mavor wishes me to thank her dear friend Mr. Shaw, but says she would like to sing."

The response was perfect stillness. Mr. Craig sat down at the organ and played the opening bars of the touching melody, "Oft in the Stilly Night." Mrs. Mavor came to the front and, with a smile of exquisite sweetness upon her sad face and looking straight at us with her glorious eyes, began to sing.

Her voice, a rich soprano, even and true, rose and fell, now soft, now strong, but always filling the building, pouring around us floods of music. I had heard Patti's "Home, Sweet Home," and all of singing that alone affected me as did this.

At the end of the first verse the few women in the church and some of the men were weeping quietly, but when she began the words,

"When I remember all
The friends once linked together,
Sobs came on every side from these tender hearted fellows, and Shaw quite lost his grip. But she sang steadily on, the tone clearer and sweeter and fuller at every note, and when the sound of her voice died away she stood looking at the men as if in wonder that they should weep. No one moved. Mr. Craig played softly on and, wandering through many variations, arrived at last at—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
As she sang the appealing words her face was lifted up, and she saw none of us, but she must have seen some one, for the cry in her voice could only come from one who could see and feel her close at hand. On and on went the glorious voice, searching my soul's depths, but when she came to the words,

"Then, O Christ, art all I want," she stretched up her arms—she had quite forgotten us; her voice had borne her to other worlds—and sang with such a passion of abandonment that my soul was ready to surrender anything, everything.

Again Mr. Craig wandered on through his changing chords till again he came to familiar ground, and the voice began in low, thrilling tones Bernard's golden song of home, "Jerusalem, the Golden."

Every word, with all its weight of meaning, came ringing to our souls till we found ourselves gaining afar into those stately halls of Zion, with their daylight serene and their brilliant throngs. When the singer came to the last verse, there was a pause. Again Mr. Craig softly played the interlude, but still there was no voice. I looked up. She was very white, and her eyes were glowing with their deep light. Mr. Craig looked quickly about, saw her, stopped and half rose, as if to go to her, when, in a voice that seemed to come from a far off hand, she went on:

"Oh, sweet and blessed country!
The longing, the yearning, in the second 'Oh' was indescribable. Again and again as she held that word and

then, dropped down with the cadence in the music my heart ached for I knew not what.

The audience were sitting as in a trance. The grimy faces of the miners, for they never get quite white, were furrowed with the tear courses. Shaw by this time had his face, too, lifted high, his eyes gazing far above the singer's head, and I knew by the rapture in his face that he was seeing, as she saw, the throbbing, stately halls and the white-robed conquerors. He had felt and was still feeling all the stress of the fight, and to him the vision of the conquerors in their glory was soul drawing and soul stirring. And Nixon, too—he had his vision, but what he saw was the face of the singer with the shining eyes, and, by the look of him, that was vision enough.

Immediately after her last note Mrs. Mavor stretched out her hands to her little girl, who was sitting on my knee, and caught her up, holding her close to her breast, walked quickly behind the curtain. Not a sound followed the singing. No one moved till she had disappeared, and then Mr. Craig came to the front and, motioning to me to follow Mrs. Mavor, began in a low, distinct voice:

"Gentlemen, it was not easy for Mrs. Mavor to sing for us, and you know she sang because she is a miner's wife and her heart is with the miners. But she sang, too, because her heart is in his who came to earth this day so many years ago to save us all, and she would make you love him, too, for in loving him you are saved from all base loves, and you know what I mean."

"And before we say good night, men, I want to know if the time is not come when all of you who mean to be better men and put a good job in putting from us this thing that has brought sorrow and shame to us and to those we love? You know what I mean. Some of you are strong. Will you stand by and see weaker men robbed of the money they have for those far away and robbed of the manhood that no money can buy or restore?"

"Will the strong men help? Shall we join hands in this? What do you say? In this town we have often seen hell and just a moment ago we were all looking into heaven. The sweet and blessed country! Oh, men, and his voice rang in an agony through the building—"oh, men, which let us help one another! Who will?"

I was looking out through a slit in the curtain. The men, already wrought to intense feeling by the music, were listening with set faces and gleaming eyes, and as at the appeal "Who will?" Craig raised his hand and a hundred men sprang to their feet and held high their hands.

I have witnessed some thrilling scenes in my life, but never anything so equal to that, the one man on the platform standing at full height, with his hand thrown up to heaven, and the hundred men below standing straight, with arms up at full length, silent and almost motionless.

For a moment Craig held them so, and again his voice rang out, louder, sterner than before.

"All who mean it say, 'By God's help, I will.'"

And back from a hundred throats came deep and strong the words, "By God's help, I will."

At this point Mrs. Mavor, whom I had quite forgotten, put her hand on my arm. "Go and tell him," she pointed. "I want them to come on Thursday night, as they used to in the other days—go quickly!" And she almost pushed me out. I gave Craig her message. He held up his hand for silence.

"Mrs. Mavor wishes me to say that she will be glad to see you all, as in the old days, on Thursday evening, and I can think of no better place to give formal expression to our pledge of this night."

There was a shout of acceptance, and then, at some one's call, the long pent-up feelings of the crowd found vent in three mighty cheers for Mrs. Mavor.

"Now for our old hymn," called out Mr. Craig, "and Mrs. Mavor will lead us."

He sat down at the organ, played a few bars of "The Sweet By and By," and then Mrs. Mavor began. But not a soul joined till the refrain was reached, and then they sang as only men with their hearts on fire can sing. But after the last refrain Mr. Craig made a sign to Mrs. Mavor, and she sang alone, slowly and softly and with eyes looking far away:

"In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on beautiful shores,
There was no benediction—there seemed no need—and the men went quietly out. But over and over again the voice kept singing in my ears and in my heart. "We shall meet on that beautiful shore." And after the sighs of men had gone and left the street empty, as I stood with Craig in the radiant moonlight that made the great mountains about me near us, from Sandy's sleigh we heard in the distance Baptist's French-English song, but the song that floated down with the sound of the bells from the miners' sleigh was:

"We shall meet on that beautiful shore,"
"Poor old Shaw!" said Craig softly. "When the last sound had died away, I turned to him and said:
"You have won your fight."
"We have won our fight. I was beaten," he replied quickly, offering me his hand. Then, taking off his cap and looking up beyond the mountain tops and the silent stars, he added softly, "Our fight, but his victory."

And, thinking it all over, I could not say but perhaps he was right.

CHAPTER IV.
MRS. MAVOR'S STORY.

THE days that followed the Black Rock Christmas were anxious days and weary, but not for the brightest of my life would I change them now, for, as after the burning heat or rocking storm, the dying day lies beautiful in the tender glow of the evening, so these days have been their weariness and their bathing in a misty glory. The years that bring us many ups and downs pass so stormfully over us that we are aware of their agonies, the weariness, the pain, that are theirs, but the beauty, the sweetness, the rest, they leave untouched, for these are eternal. As the mountains, that near at hand stand jagged and scathed, in the far distance repose in their soft robes of purple haze, so the rough present fades into the past, soft and sweet and beautiful.

I have not time to recall the pain and anxiety of those days and nights

when we waited in fear for the turn of the fever, but I can only think of the patience and gentleness and courage of her who stood beside me, bearing more than half my burden. And, while I can see the face of Leslie Graeme, ghastly or flushed, and hear his low moaning or the broken words of his delirium, I think chiefly of the bright face bending over him and of the cool, firm, swift moving hands that soothed and smoothed and rested, and the voice, like the soft song of a bird in the twilight, that never failed to bring peace.

Mrs. Mavor and I were much together during those days. I made my home in Mr. Craig's shack, but most of my time was spent beside my friend. We did not see much of Craig, for he was heart deep with the miners, laying plans for the making of the league the following Thursday, and, though he showed no anxiety and was ever ready to relieve us, his thought and his talk had mostly to do with the league.

Mrs. Mavor's evenings were given to the miners, but her afternoons mostly to Graeme and to me, and then it was I saw another side of her character. We would sit in her little dining room, where the pictures on the walls, the quaint old silver and bits of curiously cut glass all spoke of other and different days, and then we would roam the world of literature and art. Keenly sensitive to all the good and beautiful in those, she had her favorites among the masters, for whom she was ready to do battle, and when her argument, instinct with fancy and vivid imagination, failed she swept away all opposing opinion with the swift rush of her enthusiasm, so that, though I felt she was lonely, I was left without words to reply. Shakespeare and Tennyson and Byron or even Wordsworth, Browning she knew not and therefore could not rank him with her nobler books, but when I read to her "A Death in the Desert" and came to the noble words at the end of the tale,

"For all was as I say, and now the man lies as he once lay, breast to breast with God."

the light shone in her eyes, and she said: "Oh, that is good and great! I shall get much out of him. I had always feared he was impossible." And "Paracelsus" too, stirred her. But when I recited the thrilling fragment, "Prosperity," on to that closing rapturous cry,

"Then a light, then thy breast—
Oh, thou soul of my soul, I shall clasp thee again."
And with God be the rest!"

the red color faded from her cheek, her breath came in a sob, and she rose quickly and passed out without a word. Ever after Browning was among her favorites. But when we talked of music she, like Wagner, soared upon the wings of the music. "Tranquillity," far above, into regions unknown, leading me to walk soberly with Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Yet with all our free talk there was all the while that in her gentle courtesy which kept me from venturing into any chamber of her life whose door she did not see fit to open to me. So I vexed myself about her, and when Mr. Craig returned the next day from the Landing, where he had been for some days, my first questions were:

"Who is Mrs. Mavor? And how, in the name of all that is wonderful and unlikely, does she come to be here? And why does she stay?"

He would not answer them. Whether it was that his mind was full of the coming struggle or whether he shrank from the tale I know not. But that night when we sat together beside his bed he told me the story while I smoked a pipe and he smoked a pipe. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked at me and said, 'I have seen you before. He was worn with his long work, drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Wright
of
NEW YORK
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CERTAIN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children.
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
Facsimile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Wright
NEW YORK
15 Doses 25 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE
PARK AND WASHINGTON, PORTLAND, OREGON
The school where thorough work is done; where the reason is always given; where confidence is developed; where bookkeeping is taught exactly as books are kept in business; where shorthand is made easy; where penmanship is at its best; where hundreds of bookkeepers and stenographers have been educated for success in life; where thousands more will be. Open all the year. Catalogue free.
A. P. ARMSTRONG, LL. B., PRINCIPAL

the saloon. Good people in the east hold up holy hands of horror at the gold mines, but I tell you it's asking these boys a good deal to keep straight and clean in a place like this. I take my excitement in fighting the devil and doing my work generally, and that gives me enough, but these poor chaps, hard worked, honest, with no break or change—God help them and me! And his voice sank low.

"Well," I persisted, "did Mavor reform?"
"Reform? Not exactly. In six months he had broken through all restraints, and, mind you, not the miners' fault. Not a miner helped him down. It was a sight to make angels weep when Mrs. Mavor would come to the saloon door for her husband. Every miner would vanish. They could not look upon her shame, and they would send Mavor forth in charge of Billy Green, a queer little chap, who had belonged to the Mavors in some way in the old country, and between them they would get him home. How she stood it puzzles me to this day, but she never made any sign, and her courage never failed. It was always a bright, brave, proud face she held up to the world, except in church. There it was different. I used to preach my sermons, I believe, mostly for her—but never so that she could suspect—ah, bravely and as cheerily as I could, and as she listened, and especially as she sang—how she used to sing in those days—there was no touch of pride in her face, but the courage never died out, but, appeal, appeal! I could have cursed about the cause of her misery or wept for the pity of it. Before her baby was born he seemed to pull himself together, for he was quite mad about her, and from the day the baby came—talk about miracles!—from that day he never drank a drop. She gave the baby over to him, and the baby simply absorbed him.

"He was a new man. He could not drink whisky and kiss his baby. And the miners—it was really absurd if it were not so pathetic. It was the first baby in Black Rock, and they used to crowd Mavor's shop and peep into the room at the back of it—I forgot to tell you that when he lost his position as manager he opened a hardware shop, for his people chuckled him, and he was too proud to write home for money—just for a chance to be asked in to see the baby. I came upon Nixon standing at the back of the shop after he had seen the baby for the first time, sobbing hard, and to my question he replied:

"It's just like my own."
"You can't understand this, but to me who have lived so long in the mountains that they have forgotten what a baby looks like, who have had experience of humanity only in its roughest, fondest form, that little, sweet and clean, was like an angel fresh from heaven, the one link in all that black camp that bound them to what was purest and best in their past.

"And to see the mother and her baby handle the miners—oh, it was all beautiful beyond words! I shall never forget the shock I got one night when I found Old Ricketts nursing the baby. A drunken old beast he was, but there he was, sitting, sober enough, making extraordinary faces at the baby, who was grabbing at his nose and whiskers and cooing in blissful delight. Poor Old Ricketts looked as if he had been caught stealing and, muttering some-

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Wright
of
NEW YORK
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CERTAIN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children.
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
Facsimile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Wright
NEW YORK
15 Doses 25 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE
PARK AND WASHINGTON, PORTLAND, OREGON
The school where thorough work is done; where the reason is always given; where confidence is developed; where bookkeeping is taught exactly as books are kept in business; where shorthand is made easy; where penmanship is at its best; where hundreds of bookkeepers and stenographers have been educated for success in life; where thousands more will be. Open all the year. Catalogue free.
A. P. ARMSTRONG, LL. B., PRINCIPAL

thing about having been caught wildly round for some place in which to lay the baby, when in came the mother saying in her own sweet, frank way: "Oh, Mr. Ricketts—she didn't find out till afterward his name was Shaw—would you mind keeping her just a few minutes? I shall be back in a few minutes." And Old Ricketts guessed he could wait.

"But in six months mother and baby between them transformed Old Ricketts into Mr. Shaw, the boss of the mines, and then, in the evening, when she would be studying her baby to sleep, the little shop would be full of miners, listening in dead silence to the baby songs and the songs of the Scotch songs and the songs of the without stint, for she sang more for them than for her baby. No wonder they adored her. She was so bright, so gay, that she brought light with her when she went into the camp, into the pits, for she went down to see the men work, or into a sick miner's shack, and many a man, lonely and sick for home or wife or baby or mother, found in that bright, roomy cheer and comfort and courage, and to many a poor broken wretch that room became, as one miner put it, "the entrance to heaven."